

# Star Heart

*by* Darryl Price

This is the place I could find my breath. I didn't  
Say I understood it. I only wanted to hold someone and  
Meant to. I don't care about the rules for caring.  
This place where I could speak was incredibly far from

Where I'd once met you. The place where I could speak  
Had its tender moments. I didn't say I was completely lost,  
But I was alone. The place where I could speak  
Was like a cave with blank canvas walls. The place where

I could speak had a nice view of the stars,  
But I craved your skies. They laughed and said, get  
Real, moon child. The place where I could speak was  
Also the place where I refused to be afraid. The

Place where I could speak didn't cost all that much, but a  
Metaphorical arm and leg. The whole process blew me  
Up like a film of dynamite over and over again. What can I say?  
People are  
Resilient. If something's funny, you laugh. If something's sad you

Die a little each time you feel it. The place  
Where I could speak was a garden out of time.  
I stood there waiting to be unfrozen. Sooner or later  
We all get up and walk away from the sorry game

Knowing our wishes are never going to come true. The  
Place where I could speak broke my heart like a fish. Is that  
What you want to hear me say? I'm not trying to hide

A scarecrow's helping arm from you or anyone else in this picture.  
I've

Had huge chunks of light dissolved out of my own  
Torn north star chest, parts by torrential rains, parts by  
Storied dreams. I've got permanently opened up places in my  
beginnings.

This is the place where you get to slip out and

be long gone. The place where I could speak has no  
Words for itself. The place where I could speak is  
Missing a dozen or so important apologies. I'm sorry for  
The little flowers that sought protection there. They were also

Hurting for a friendly side to lean on. The place where I could  
Speak is slowly closing in on me. When something's sweet  
You smile. When it's harsh you feel ignored. The place  
Where I could speak is just my opinion according to some. The  
place

Where I could speak gave in to your smile and nobody  
Else's. I'm not a fool, but you took my hard earned  
Good-bye without saying the truth. That pretend spot was where I  
could be

The same as the one who'd already moved on, whispering, don't  
stop, don't you dare stop anything now. dp

Bonus poem:

Last Meal by Darryl Price

The sky continues--nothing  
we can do will make a  
difference. Sky continues,

resistance is futile, like  
any miracle. The modern  
historian will be faced

with the same diagnosis:  
original sin or wicked  
genius? Sky continues

to make people sick, drop us  
down in the heart please; die rich and  
enter heaven through the back

door or die poor. Either way  
you are forcing others to  
abandon you while they're serving you

up your last meal. The sky  
hands you an egg and says, you're  
on your own. Sky continues,

all from memory. The sky  
continues to be a shout out  
at all the new pollution.

The sky continues to turn.  
The sky continues to be true.  
The sky continues to seethe

with stars. The sky continues  
to burn its mouth on the sun.  
The sky continues towards

insolence. Sky continues  
and you are lost to me. Sky  
continues; I run backwards.

